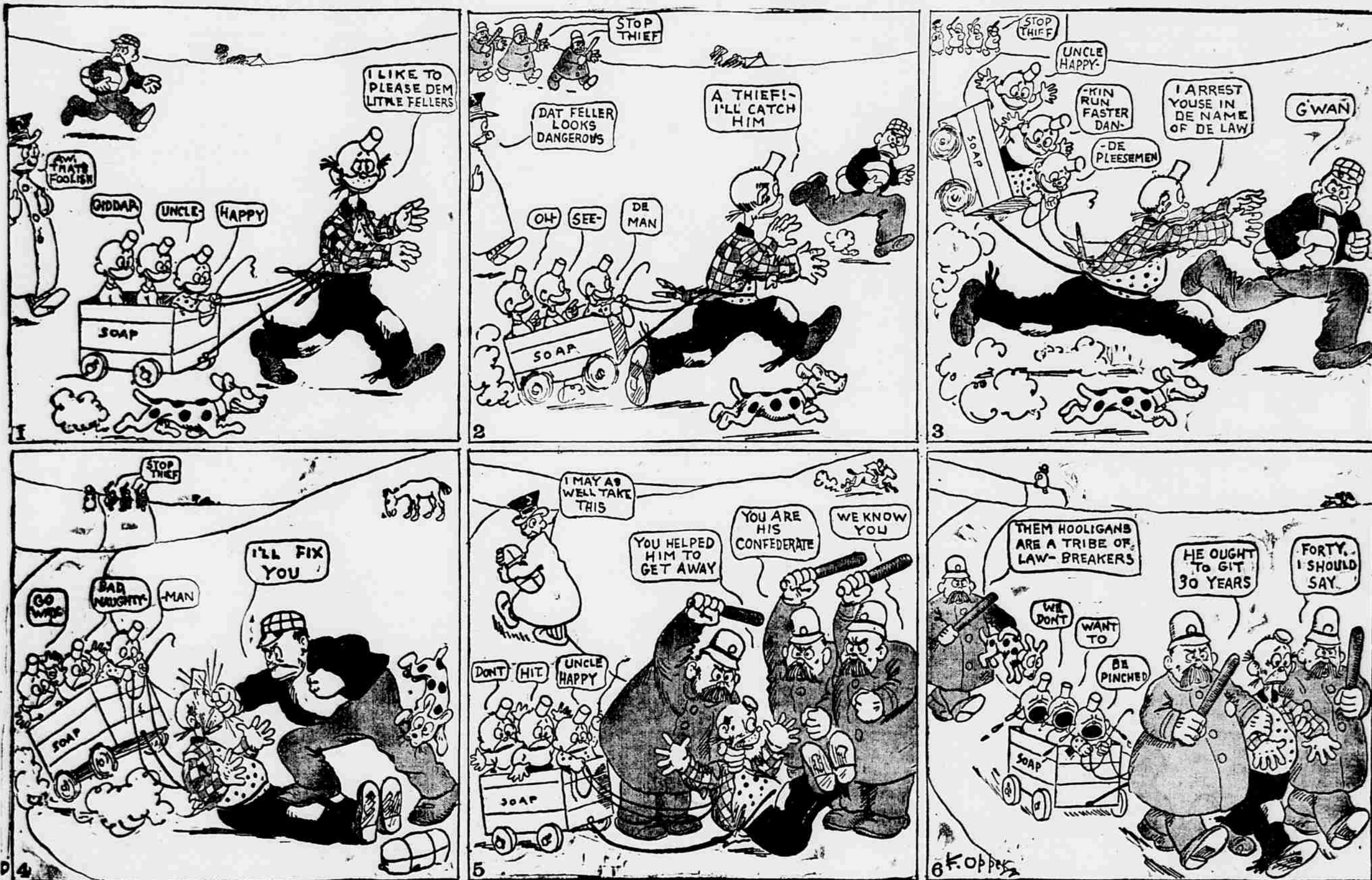


# HAPPY HOOLIGAN PLAYED HORSE, HIS NEPHEWS ENJOYED IT, GLOOMY GUS SNEERED. And the Thief Got Away.

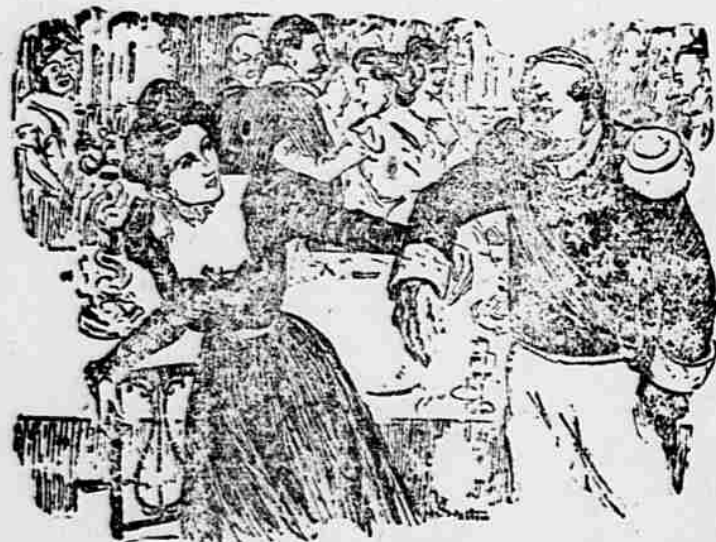
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Woman: "Do you really intend to press the matter? I tell you what to do; go home and sleep over it to-night."  
Man: "But I can't do that."  
Woman: "Why not?"  
Man: "Because I am a night watchman."—Der Postkammer.



WHAT COULD HE SAY?  
Father (introducing new wife to his son): "Well, boy, what do you say to your new mother?"—Das Kleine Witzblatt.



NEW KIND OF MOURNING.  
"What, madama, you are not going? The ball is only half over."  
"Can't help it; I am in half mourning."—Fliegende Blätter.



"What, so old as that! And you have never been sick?"  
"It has been impossible, lady. There is no doctor in the villa ge."—Punch.

**Synonymous.**  
Bubbub: "I often wonder, old man, why you don't move out to the suburbs."  
Citizen: "Not me."  
Bubbub: "Really, though, I think you're a natural-born suburbanite."  
Citizen: "See here; don't you know what the Bible says about 'the man who calleth his brother a fool'?"

**Safe Plan.**  
Harry: "I am going to ask old Crosswood for his daughter's hand over the telephone."  
Tom: "Do you think you'll get it?"  
Harry: "Well, I am certain that I won't get the old man's hand."—Chicago News.

**The Difference.**  
Molly: "You say you shook all over when you proposed to her?"  
Cholly: "Yes, I did."  
Molly: "And how about the girl?"  
Cholly: "Oh, she only shook her head."—London Modern Society.

**Extremes Uncomfortable.**  
"What does comfortable circumstances mean?"  
"Why, you're 'comfortable' when you're neither poor nor rich."—Detroit Free Press.

**How It Happened.**  
"You say that drink was the cause of your downfall?" said the kind-hearted visitor at the jail.  
"Yes," answered Meandering Mike. "I met a gentleman dat was too intoxicated to take care of his money. An' de temptation was too great."—Washington Star.

**His Best.**  
This simple memorial resolution says about all that could be said in an obituary:  
"He didn't brag 'bout bein' good, and oft felt trouble's fetter; Whirled in an' did the best he could—An' who has e'er done better?"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Cocksure, But—**  
"You are absolutely certain about your statement?" asked the lawyer.  
"Absolutely certain," answered the witness.  
"You swear that it is true?"  
"I do."  
"Would you bet on it?"  
"Er—well—yes, if I got the right odds."—Town Top.



Chaffer: "My auto is in two separate and distinct parts."  
Scooter: "Happened on a new idea?"  
Chaffer: "No; a tree."—N. Y. Press.



Quashing Young Lady (to Mr. Dunk, who has just returned from Rome): "They say Mr. Dunk, that when one sets foot in Rome for the first time, one experiences a profound feeling of awe. The choice of ruined grandeur, the magnificent associations, seem so much for one to grasp. Tell me, oh, tell me, Mr. Dunk, what did you think of it all?"  
Mr. Dunk (deliberately, after considering awhile): "Very nice!"—Punch.



He: "Did you notice that woman who just passed?"  
She: "What, the one with the dyed hair and the false teeth, and nasty ready-made clothes on, all tied up with ribbons and things? No, I didn't notice her particularly."—Punch.



"Why, three of you fellows done up against! Yes, shirk 'em, shirk 'em, in bed and bed-caster oil—that's what you want, eh?"—Simplicissimus.